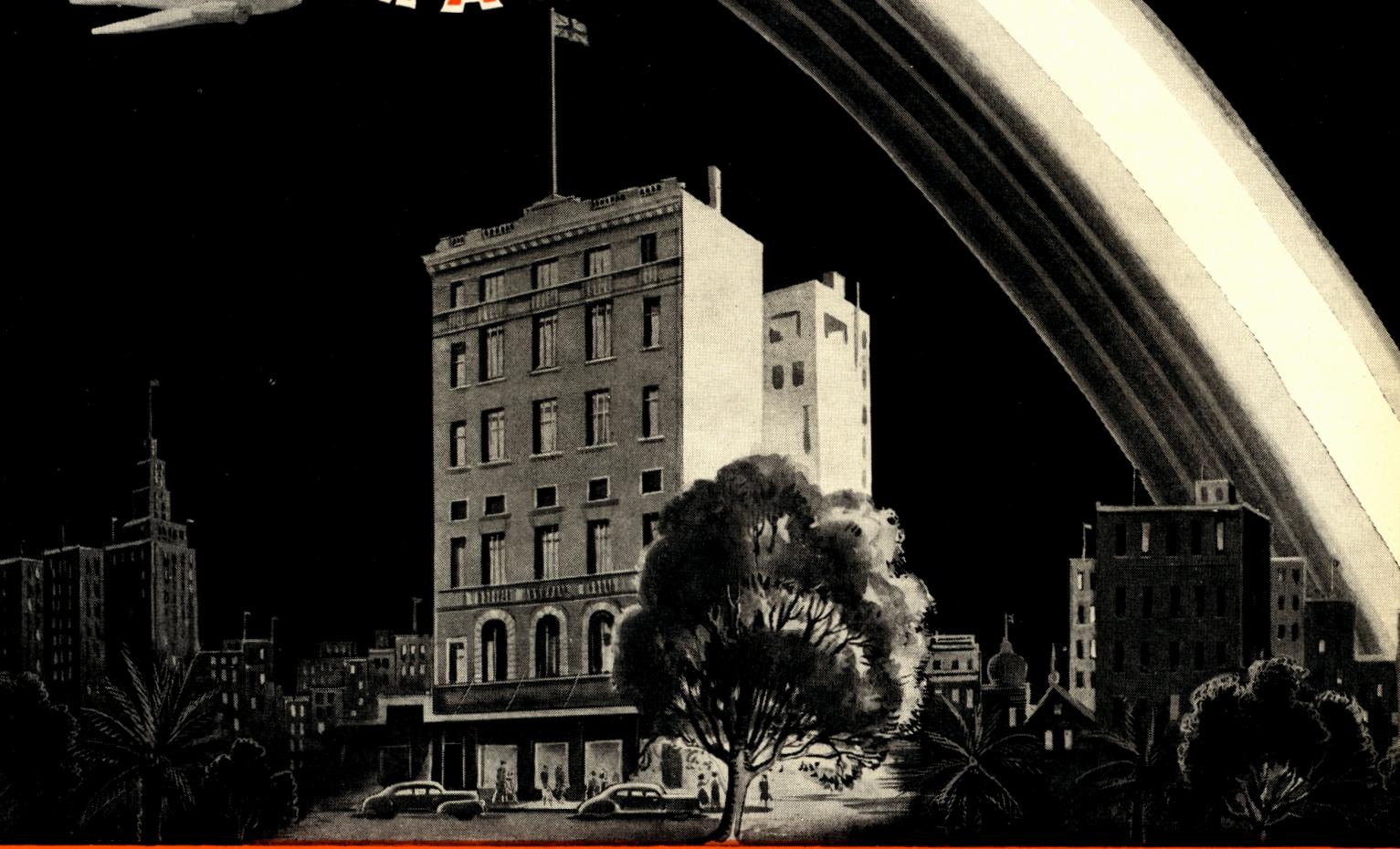


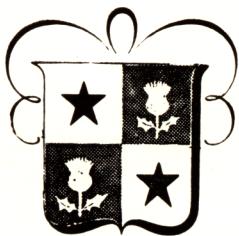
TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

“A
**Good Club Man
is a credit to his club”**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS

"The Best Ever"

SOME ARE ASKING : "Is De la Salle as good as was Flight?" Such comparisons are out of period and unrelated to conditions governing the careers of both mares; but they persist.

Phar Lap has been compared with Carbine, and Peter Pan with both, not only by persons of ordinary knowledge, but by experts who have seen all three champions at their best.

There can be no definite decision, because tracks and jockeys' styles of riding were different in Carbine's era. Experts have said that those factors relatively handicapped Carbine, and are chiefly the explanation of to-day's better times. In other words—some veteran judges make bold to say—Carbine would have proved Phar Lap's master had Phar Lap raced in Carbine's period.

For our part, we are not making dogmatic statements, merely quoting say-so. We believe, however, that a horse of the calibre of Carbine—a champion which met and downed champions—cannot be relegated to an inferior rating simply on a comparison of times, irrespective of conditions ruling in that period.

Would Phar Lap have been as good as Carbine in Carbine's day? Could Phar Lap have been saddled twice in the one afternoon at Randwick, run Marvel to a head in the Mile and, later, won the distance race? Your guess is as good as ours; but the fact is that people may be heard arguing for and against every day in the week.

It's good that this should be so; for what a dull game racing would be were everybody agreed on everything. Let us, while not forfeiting our right to differ, agree that we win relish from these controversies, for the chief reason that our comparisons have to do with champions. And a champion was a champion in 1890 (Carbine's Cup year), by merit of performance, as much as, for similar reason, a champion is a champion in 1949—if the latter claim be not inopportune.



Established 14th May, 1858.

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The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

APRIL, 1949.

5th Norman McLeod	13th O. Keysen
W. J. McIver	22nd J. Breckenridge
6th G. E. Nagel	23rd D. Loethering
8th M. V. Gibson	24th H. R. McLeod
10th K. A. Bennett	25th Hector Reid
W. R. Dovey, K.C.	28th George Sanderson
12th C. L. Fader	30th P. T. Kavanagh

MAY, 1949.

1st V. H. Moodie	15th J. Goldberg
John Dolden	C. S. Laurie
Ernest Lashmar	16th Dr. L. S. Loewenthal
3rd Roy Miller	17th L. R. Harrison
4th L. M. Browne	22nd De Renzie Rich
D. F. Stewart	Mr. Justice Herron
5th W. M. Jennings	R. L. Ball
F. C. Horley	25th T. C. Chapman
6th H. C. Bartley	26th R. B. Barnby
A. E. Coulthurst	C. R. Tarrant
7th L. P. R. Bean	J. T. Hackett
G. A. Crawford	28th Geo. Chiene
10th E. W. Abbott	30th Mr. Justice Clancy
12th D. S. Davis	A. C. Shaw
14th C. E. Blayney	31st A. B. Abel
Fred Pfeiffer	

CLUB MEMBER writes: Jack Ryder—who selected the team for South Africa with Sir Donald Bradman and "Chappie" Dwyer—I remember for an act of sportsmanship; one of many in a notable career. Dropping of Kippax and Kellaway from an Australian team in the 'twenties had caused a storm of protest in N.S.W. At S.C.G. the Victorians, led by Ryder (a selector) had suffered a fatiguing day in the field. With an hour or so to go, Victoria had to open its innings. The hostile crowd was annoyed when it saw Ryder's name hoisted as one of the opening batsmen—not his usual role.

The correspondent adds: Kelleway got Ryder early with the new ball. The biased crowd roared lustily, forgetting that Jack Ryder had played a courageous part, a captain's role. This was one of the most disgraceful exhibitions of partisanship in my long memory of the S.C.G. However, here's a cheer for Jack Ryder after all the years.

* * *

JOHN J. HATHERLY, Adelaide merchant at luncheon in the Club, wanted to get in a word about Australian Rules football, but was up against a solid wall of Rugby Union supporters.

LES HARRISON wrote a letter in the Club to Billy Albert—for many years in New York, but previously well known to all members—and added the name of Alec White among others, as sending greetings. Billy is expected here on a visit this month.

* * *
GREETINGS to Arthur Langley, one of the Club's veteran members, on his return to the sunny side after a bout of ill-health.

* * *
WELCOMED by many friends on his appearance in this Club on a holiday from N.Z.: C. C. Sheath, who owned Ammon Ra, A.J.C. Derby winner.

* * *
JIM NORMOYLE is back again after a long absence. Welcome home, Jim.

BOWLING NOTES

DURING the past month our activities have been curtailed due to wet weather and the annual Country Bowling Carnival when all Metropolitan Clubs entertained visitors.

Several "roll ups" amongst our own players were held at Double Bay and these were well attended.

The Pairs Competition is under way and details of completed games will be given in the next issue of the Club Magazine. It is desired that competitors arrange their games and complete the first round as quickly as possible.

When games are arranged for Thursdays at Double Bay, members are requested to notify the Hon. Secretary so that rinks can be reserved, and are also requested to notify him promptly of any variation of such arrangements.

More inter-club matches are at present being arranged and details will be posted on the Club Notice Board.

Highlight for the Month.

Ken William's double—a jackpot and an unbeatable toucher in the ditch at Double Bay. Ken, by the way, is showing rapid progress in the game.

AMONG visitors during the month was Norman Aitken (N.Z.) who brought Autopay across to win the Epsom in 1931, and realised his ambition. Autopay won several other good races here for Mr. Aitken, who said: "He was a little fellow, like Bruce, but had a big heart, as Bruce has. I tip Bruce to win your weight-for-age races."

* * *

WE regret to record the passing of the following Member since the last issue:—

Profesor A. L. Campbell (Interstate)
Died 20/3/1949.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

SUB-COMMITTEES :

House Committee:
S. E. Chatterton (Chairman), J. Hickey (Treasurer), F. J. Carberry, A. G. Collins, G. J. C. Moore, J. A. Roles.

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Swimming Club Committee:
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Bowling Club Committee:
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Patron, S. E. Chatterton; President, J. Hickey; Vice-President, W. Longworth; Captain, F. S. Lynch; Committee:—K. L. Williams, K. F. E. Fidden, L. Moroney, R. J. Hastings; Hon. Treasurer, H. (Barney) Fay; Hon. Secretary, S. Peters.

Statistics as Guide to Winners of Important Events

FOR example, backers who believe this year's Doncaster will be won by a 4-year-old have one important point in their favour. Thirty-one Doncasters have been won by that age group, and they lead the field. The 5-year-olds have had 19 successes and the 3-year-olds 17. Two 2-year-olds figure on Doncaster winning list, but no owner these days would dream of nominating a juvenile for such an exacting test. The 6-year-olds have landed 11 Doncasters and the aged division four.

Regarding second leg of the Autumn double at Randwick, the Sydney Cup, only one aged horse has been successful, while nine 6-year-olds are listed. Other age groups have met with fairly even success, though, as in the Doncaster, the 4-year-olds top the poll with 28 wins. Three-year-olds have won on 23 occasions and the 5-year-olds 22 times.

Bernbrook, Bold Duke, Vagabond and Royal Andrew, three popular fancies for the Doncaster are 3-year-olds. Filipino and Beau Robert are 5-year-olds, while Beau John and Rio Fe are in the 4-year-old division.

Powerful Quartette

Carbon Copy, Vagabond, Comic Court and Clement comprise a powerful 3-year-old quartet in the Sydney Cup, while De La Salle, Sir Raven, Saxony, Transaction and Plausible are 4-year-old contenders. Dark Marne, last year's winner, is one of the best of the 5-year-olds.

Going back through the records it is found that some early St. Leger winners proved costly propositions in the Sydney Cup. Eight years ago Victorian owned and trained Lucrative won the classic and the Cup, a double also landed by Mosaic, a couple of years earlier. In more recent years, most owners of winners of A.J.C. St. Leger, even minor place-getters, have passed over the Cup because of the tough task it sets the younger horses. Of last 33 place-getters in the classic the only Cup winner, in addition to the two mentioned, was Proctor (second in the

Though the average punter doesn't care two hoots about turf statistics, the records when closely studied show that past history has had more than a little bearing on big handicap events. Thus they are worth referring to at autumn and spring time.

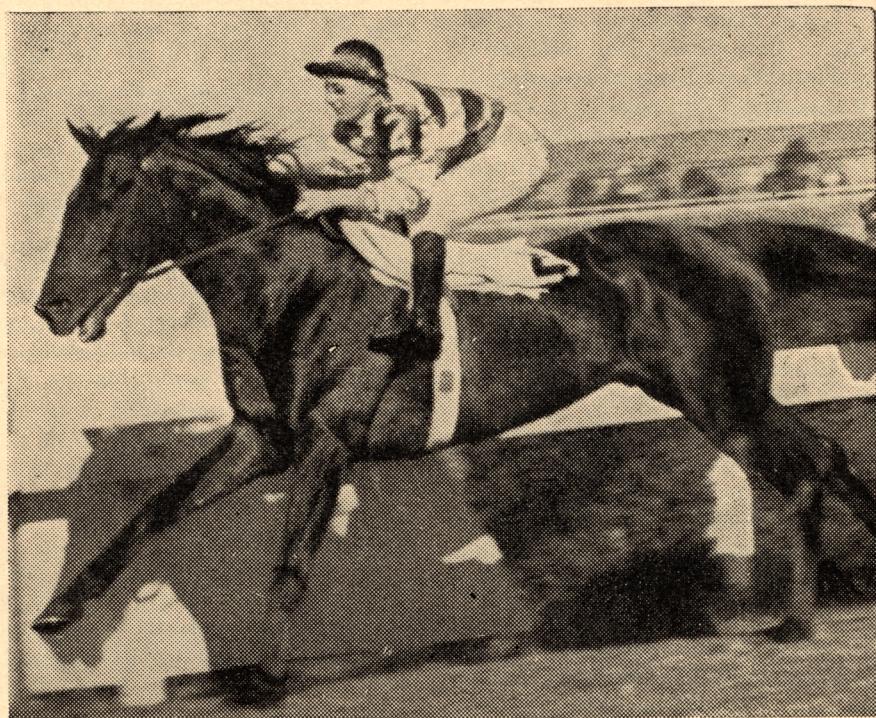
St. Leger). Twenty of those 33 place-getters in the St. Leger didn't start in the two miler on Easter Monday.

In the main, backers have been wide of the mark in their selections for the Doncaster and supporters of the favourite have found no reason for patting themselves on the back

best at 8 to 1. Fresh Boy ran poorly finishing 13th but Columnist was beaten a nose only by Dark Marne 10 to 1 with Lungi (25 to 1) third.

Last winning favourite of the Doncaster was Kingsdale in 1943. He started at 6's. Gold Rod was a winning favourite at 4's in 1939, as was Hall Mark in 1935, and Winooka in 1933, but prior to last-named year there was an interval to 1926 when the brilliant filly Valicare won at 5 to 4 on.

So far as the Sydney Cup is concerned, Cordale, three years ago, was a winning first selection at 5 to 2,



COLUMNIST—Now approaching top form.

taking the past 20 years or so as a guide. Same thing applies, though even more so, in the Cup.

Twelve months ago, Money Moon was 9 to 2 favourite for the Doncaster with Heroic Sovereign second best at 7 to 1. Neither shared in the stakemoney. The Diver (9 to 1) beating Fine Fettle (20 to 1) and Murray Stream (10 to 1). In 1948 Cup Fresh Boy, despite his hollow defeat in the St. Leger, was made 4 to 1 favourite for the Cup, with Columnist next

but he was the only one in nine years. Mestoravon, in 1937, shared favouritism with Mananui (unplaced). One has then to go back to 1931 for the previous winning favourite, The Dimmer (4 to 1) and he shared the position with Veilmond (unplaced).

From all this it will be seen that following the Cup favourite has been a costly business. Nevertheless there will be thousands this Easter who believe both Doncaster and Cup favourites will pull them through.

The Marriage Broker's Hardest Case

LENA MOSKIN is a marriage broker or, in the parlance of the East Side, a "Schotkun." (This word is not to be confused with "shotgun," which covers another branch of the wedding business.)

Even to-day, the practice of arranging marriages for a fee is by no means unusual south of Third Street, although it's beginning to die out. But when I was swiping chestnuts from Tony's super-pusheart on Alley Street, a schotkun was a respected member of the community who rated right up there with the midwife and undertaker.

Lena's office was only a few garbage cans from the four-storey walk-up where I was raised, and she was generally conceded to be Cupid's top talent scout in our neighbourhood.

Hanging over her mantle was a map of the territory between the Battery and 14th Street, and multicoloured pins indicated the residence of every connubially-minded male and female. And to hear the boys at the coffee houses tell it, if marriages were made in Heaven, Lena was first cousin to the angel Gabriel.

One yarn about this marriage broker has assumed the proportions of an epic on the East Side. It is the story of Lena's hardest case.

Twenty years ago, a gent in his middle 40's called on her.

"I am needing a wife," he announced.

"Right away," said Lena, fishing out form 1-A. "Name?"

"Irving Schimkin."

"Business?"

"Ladies shoes."

"You own the store?"

"Lock and stock."

"How is it a good-lookin' fella like you ain't hitched up awreddy?"

"I don't like women," said Schimkin.

"What for do you want to get married, then?" asked Lena.

"I like my meals should be hot," explained Irving. "Find me a woman who can cook good and she gets

a home. But first, one thing I must tell you. I got a bad temper, and at least once a day I am forgetting myself. The right woman for me has gotta be able to take plenty abuse. That's my proposition."

"I got what the doctor ordered," said Lena. "Her teeth is sticking out a little, but otherwise she is luscious. I will make a date."

Two days later, Irving was back at Lena's office. "What kind woman you are introducing me?" he asked. "Five minutes, and she runs away like a pick-pocket."

"I know," said Lena. "She told me. Why did you have to yell at her before she even took off her hat?"

"I ain't marrying under false pretences," said Schimkin. "The woman has a right to know what to expect — a home, three meals, a dollar spending money and plenty hollering."

Lena pointed to a blue pin on her map. "I know a widow with children who might be interested. With one eye she don't see so good, but the other is full of love. How do you feel about little ones?"

"No girls," said Irving.

"How about boys?"

"Only if they're old enough to work in the store."

During the next six weeks Lena had Irving meet every prospect on her list. But even the cross-eyed ones wanted no part of the hit-and-holler merchant. When the marriage broker would attempt to minimise Irving's conditions, he was always on hand to correct any false romantic impressions. The morning finally came when Lena faced Irving and conceded defeat.

"I'm sorry," she said. "None of my customers is wanting such a man."

"Waddaya mean, sorry?" said Schimkin. "You promised a wife. You wasted my time. I'm a businessman. With me, time is money."

"I did my best," said Lena.

"It ain't good enough," said Schimkin. "Find a wife or I'll tell

it all over Second Avenue that Lena Moskin is a fake. By the way, how is it you ain't married?"

"Because," said Lena, "I hate men the same way you hate women."

And then she and Irving looked at each other for the first time.

Well, they've been married 20 years, and Irving's store and Lena's brokerage business have both prospered. And judging by the postscript to a letter I've just had from Lena, so has their marriage:

"You should see my boy, Mortimer. He's 12 years old and weighs 135, knock wood. His teacher the other day told me they were going to kick him out from school if he didn't stop pulling a little girl's hair. I bawled Mortimer out good and asked him, 'What for you're pulling the girl's hair?' So how do you think he's answering? He said, 'I am pulling her hair because I love her, momma.' Ain't he the craziest kid? Just like his old man!"

Your pal,
Lena."

— By Billy Rose.

IN A RUT

THE business man looked blue. He walked around the office with an extremely worried face.

"What's wrong with you?" asked his associate. "Family trouble?"

The other paced the luxurious room nervously.

"No," he replied, "it isn't that—it's something else—and I just can't explain it."

His associate lighted a big cigar.

"Stop talking nonsense, man," he advised. "Why, you're sitting on top of the world. For the past fifteen years, without fail, you've been drawing five thousand a year, and —"

"Now you've hit it," interrupted the other. "That's just what's worrying me. A five thousand a year income for the past fifteen years." He rubbed his weary forehead. "Don't you see how terrible it is?" he went on excitedly. "I'm getting in a rut."

Much New Blood in Randwick's Yearling Offering

Randwick's annual sale of thoroughbred yearlings will this Easter comprise 640 lots, second highest on record. It is certain various club members will be actively interested, and their purchases may be among the highlighters of the 1949-50 two-year-old season. Record catalogue (672) was submitted last year.

AUSTRALIAN and New Zealand studmasters have enjoyed an excellent season and for the better types offered at previous sales this summer and early autumn, keen competition and high prices has been the order. Increased stakemoney at most centres, particularly in Sydney and Brisbane has been an incentive to owners to secure additions to teams and to breeders to try and further improve quality of their yearlings.

Studmasters are carrying out their part by constantly acquiring new sires from England and it is noteworthy that this Easter's catalogue contains the names of nine new stallions (all imported) and represented for the first time, as well as those of 11 Australian-bred sires whose progeny have not previously been paraded in a sale ring.

Taking the imported sires alphabetically, the following interesting details should appeal to buyers.

Admiral's Luck: A son of Precipitation, a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles) and the sire of Airborne, a winner of English Derby and St. Leger, also of other classics. Dam, Gainsborough Lass, is by Gainsborough (Derby, Ascot Gold Cup, etc.).

Angus: Son of Cameronian (Derby and Two Thousand Guineas) from Trustful by Bachelor's Double. Angus has a couple of representatives bred by Mr. P. E. Brown of "Randwick Lodge," Whittingham. This sire is a brother of Scottish Union and is closely related to Confessor (imp.) and Whirlaway (imp.), both now in Australia. Whirlaway is giving excellent promise as a sire. His progeny include Lady Pirouette, Rhumba, and Curiosity. The Confessor's have yet to reach the selling stage.

Channel Swell: His sons and daughters are expected to make a name for themselves and to bring good prices at the sales. He is by Fairway from Papilla by Papyrus,

and in England won eight races carrying up to 9 st. 7 lbs. His 16 yearlings will be submitted on behalf of famous "Kia-ora" stud, Scone and are related to many well-known performers.

Hello Peter: A son of Derby winner Blue Peter, and a winner. He is from Hallow by Bosworth (Ascot Gold Cup) and goes back on the dam's side to Carbine. He also belongs to the family which produced Beau Pere and Mr. Standfast.

Jolly Roger: Another son of Blue Peter from Sonsie Wench by Sandwich. His youngsters will be offered on behalf of noted "Lyndhurst" stud, Warwick (Qld.). One of his yearlings is from a sister to Yaralla.

Michoumy: One of the most interesting of the new sires as he is French bred. His three yearlings will be paraded by Cheveley Park Stud, Toowoomba (Qld.). His colt from Chevelure is closely related to Tom Pinch, a former brilliant Sydney sprinter. Michoumy won in England up to two miles carrying 9 st. 6 lbs. over latter journey. He also was successful in France. His sire, Fiterari, (won among other races, the Grand Prix de Paris and the French Two Thousand Guineas, and ran second in the French Derby. Valdivia, dam of Michoumy, was got by Rabelais (a son of St. Simon). Before being purchased for Australia Michoumy sired several winners in England.

Quick Study: A son of Rhodes Scholar, a winner of the Eclipse Stakes, a sire of Black Tarquin, latest winner of the St. Leger. Instantaneous, dam of Quick Study, is by Hurry On (an unbeaten racehorse).

Squadron Leader: By Wychwood Abbot from Charmian by Pommern. This line is from the Lemberg and Bayardo families. Squadron Leader won races up to 12 furlongs.

White Ensign: Like Channel Swell is a son of famous Fairway (son of

CLUB NEWS

DAVIS IS HANDBALL CHAMPION

Eddie Davis retained his title as Tattersall's champion handballer after a very tough first game against George McGilvray which Eddie won by 21-19.

The second game was a different story for Davis got his opponent's measure to win easily by 21-7.

Davis' win added another title to a long list of championship successes whilst McGilvray added another second to his list.

The "B" Grade title went to Arthur McCamley who beat Edwin Penfold and Harry Davis took the "C" Grade title from George Goldie who gave the younger man a wonderful go before going down by 21-16, 17-21, 18-21.

Results:-

A Grade Championship: W. Hannan defeated A. Magill, 21-14, 21-18; E. Davis defeated W. Hannan 21-6, 21-16; C. Woodfield defeated J. Buckle 11-21, 21-12, 21-16; G. McGilvray defeated C. Woodfield 22-20, 21-19.

Final: E. Davis defeated G. McGilvray 21-19, 21-7.

A Grade Champion—E. E. Davis.

B Grade Championship: E. A. Davis defeated B. Hodgson 22-20, 12-21, 21-18; A. McCamley defeated E. A. Davis 21-17, 12-21, 21-16; Edwin Penfold defeated G. Boulton 21-14, 21-17.

Final: A. McCamley defeated E. Penfold 21-7, 21-18.

B. Grade Champion—A. McCamley.

C Grade Championship: H. Davis defeated N. Barrell 21-7, 18-21, 21-17; P. Hill defeated G. Carr 21-15, 15-21, 21-14; G. Goldie defeated P. Hill 21-7, 21-9.

Final: H. Davis defeated G. Goldie 16-21, 21-17, 21-18.

C Grade Champion—H. Davis.

Phalaris, and winner of £42,700 in stakes). White Ensign's dam, Micmac, ran third in the Oaks. She is a daughter of Sansovino (Derby). This new sire has 20 yearlings in the catalogue.

Australian sires represented for the first time include Kingsdale and Mayfowl, former well-known Sydney performers.

Noted Doncaster Trial Recalled

Recent retirement owing to ill-health of famous Mordialloc (Vic.) trainer Jack Holt recalls a noted A.J.C. Doncaster Handicap trial run at Rosebery racecourse two days before the 1935 race, which was won by Hall Mark.

JACK'S many Sydney friends are confidently looking forward to his return to normal health. This remarkable turf personality has trained the winners of the best part of £250,000 in stakes.

Writer was one of the few privileged to see and clock Hall Mark's remarkable gallop, his final Doncaster trial. Hall Mark, with a big weight, ran 6 furlongs in 1.16, almost touching the outside fence of the Rosebery course proper. Holt was much impressed, as were others who saw the gallop. Strange to relate, High came out half an hour later and recorded almost identical time over the same ground.

Local trainers and others who had been clocking Rosebery gallops for some years declared the horses would fill the first two places on the Saturday, and they did. Hall Mark, 9st. 8lbs. (K. Voitre), beat High

7st. 6lbs. (W. Cook), by a neck, with Silver King, 8st. 9lbs. (D. Munro), third. Hall Mark's connections had to survive a protest. Result was a fitting climax to an outstanding track test but Rosebery has been noted as a reliable guide when brilliant gallops are run, particularly by the best horses.

Hall Mark was quoted at 8 and 10 to 1 prior to the track gallop, but was made first choice soon after the news got round, and on the day started best at 9 to 2. Sarcherie was second in demand at 7's, while High, who also came sharply into the market, was at 8's. Silver King was a 12 to 1 chance. Hall Mark's gallop for that part of the track has not been equalled since, but faster time naturally has been made closer in on Rosebery course proper.

A likeable personality, Jack has made many visits to Sydney with top-notch horses. For his patrons

he has landed some of Randwick's richest stakes with Eurythmic, Heroic, Hall Mark, Young Idea, and various others of note.

Melbourne turf writer, Fred Everest, a regular tripper to Sydney, recently compiled an interesting record of Holt's activities, his winning performances, and stake earnings. His tabulation showed that the "Wizard of Mordialloc" as Jack used to be known at the height of his career, won best part of a quarter of a million in prizes for patrons; headed Melbourne trainers' list on 16 occasions; trained winners of close on 100 w.f.a. events worth £80,000, and won practically every race of importance on the Australian turf calendar.

List included greatest of all, the Melbourne Cup, with Hall Mark; three Caulfield Cups (Eurythmic, Maple, High Syce); two Sydney Cups (Lilypond and Eurythmic). On eight occasions his horses won V.R.C. Standish Hcp., but an even greater performance was in Caulfield Memsie Stakes which he won 11 times. This record probably will never be eclipsed.



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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

ANNUAL EASTER SALES OF BLOODSTOCK

will be held at

NEWMARKET STABLES, RANDWICK

as follows

THOROUGHBRED YEARLINGS

TUESDAY, 19th APRIL, 1949, at 10 a.m. THURSDAY, 21st APRIL, 1949, at 10 a.m.

FRIDAY, 22nd APRIL, 1949, at 10 a.m. TUESDAY, 26th APRIL, 1949, at 1 p.m.

Catalogues on Application

BROOD MARES

TUESDAY, 26th APRIL, 1949, at 10 a.m.

The Catalogue comprises particulars of :—100 HIGHLY-BRED BROOD MARES, many with foals at foot by well-known Sires and served again.

Catalogues on Application

STALLIONS, UNTRIED STOCK AND RACEHORSES-IN-TRAINING

WEDNESDAY, 27th APRIL, 1949

Particulars have already been received of the following :—

STALLIONS :—Temeraire, Marabou, Mosaic, Melhero, Actor (imp.), Chaytor, Beau Dome, Arvakur, Gainsford, Red Sails, Royal Head, Bungool.

RACEHORSES :—On account of Mr. A. O. Romano, Sydney, who is going on an extended trip abroad : The well-known performers Caruso, Dutchman, Grand Romance, Whistling Wind, Farhad, Bronze God and Benefit.

ON ACCOUNT OF VARIOUS OWNERS :—Turbine, Count Cosmo, Keewatin, Royal Souvenir, Casanova, Frolicsome, Stauch, Torment, Vermeil, Agenda, Raceme, Silverjax, Outbreak, Bundagen, Robyn Lynette, Hualong, Mardi Gras, Tetrana, Flying Charm, Herowelkin, Mochat, New Look, Dashing Knight, St. Quest, Paratroop, Spear Cheque, Deauville, Sail Home, Lady Helios, Courtspear, Wedding Morn, Goldora, Gay Jubilee, Lord Dhoti, Cordelia, Tuncurry, Giltflame, Martrojan, Doctor's Double, Laertes, Inchman, Gros, etc.

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Bruce, Hope of New Zealand in Sydney Cup

Bruce is New Zealand's main hope at Sydney's autumn meetings, particularly in the Sydney Cup, for which he has been consistently supported. It will be a welcome change for the Dominion should he win the coveted £10,500 two-miler. His party believe he will give the big race a shaking. It is his chief mission.

SYDNEY racegoers didn't see the bered that he hasn't been over-raced best by New Zealanders Golden Sovereign and Beau le Havre when they crossed to Australia because both failed to retain prior Dominion form, which was of a high standard. Top - flight stayers, both proved a disappointment, but that was explained solely by a temporary loss of best form. Had they repeated their splendid New Zealand displays they would have made it tough for the locals. It was hard luck for connections after bringing them so many hundreds of miles.

The visits proved disappointing both to New Zealanders and to Australians alike as all sportsmen appreciate seeing the best horses in the land at their best. However, it has been the privilege of Australians in past years to see New Zealand's greatest gallopers in action. It isn't necessary to recall the names here.

Riccarton trained Bruce, not a big horse, but one with the heart of a lion, arrived in Sydney early in March to continue his preparation for Sydney Cup and the weight for age events at the Autumn carnival, and for later races, which are expected to include the Brisbane Cup and other Queensland races.

Trainer-jockey, L. J. Ellis, deserves full credit for keeping Bruce at his best, and he is set on lifting the Sydney Cup. At six years, Bruce has reached period of his career when further improvement is hardly likely. However, it has to be remem-

bered that he hasn't been over-raced and that will help him in any staying contest. He mightn't again come right if he were let down now in preparation for spring racing as he will then be an aged gelding.

In course record time, 2.17, for eleven furlongs, Bruce was recently defeated into third place in weight for age Trentham Stakes by Kings Ransom and Tauroch. Confirming the form, King's Ransom won at his next outing, the Wanganui Cup.

Bruce has 9st. 6lbs. in the Sydney Cup. One of the Dominion's best stayers in years he has shown such



BRUCE, one of New Zealand's best stayers, and a popular fancy for the Sydney Cup.

Bruce is winner of upwards of £17,000 in stakes, of which £4,750 was earned this season from wins at weight for age, and minor placings in four other races, including the New Zealand, Wellington, and Auckland Cups. He favours the sting out of the ground. New Zealand writers expect him to join the band of winners of £20,000. He will do so if he retains best form in Australia.

superiority that opportunities in his own country have become restricted, and his party, when entering him for Sydney Cup, thought he would have better chances in Australia in handicaps and at weight for age.

Bruce was out of luck in the Dominion's chief staying races this season. Despite his 9st. 8lbs., he ran third to his younger brother, Royal Tan, to whom he conceded 19 pounds in the £6,000 Wellington Cup, two miles. He won that race as a four-year-old with 8st. 13lbs. He ran third in the Auckland Cup with 9st. 6lbs., and second in the New Zealand Cup to Sir Garnish.

Such a notable stayer will be a welcome addition to local and other visiting horses to Sydney for the autumn fixtures. Randwick patrons should see some high-class racing this month.

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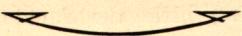
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AUTUMN MEETING

1949

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APRIL 16th, 18th, 20th and 23rd, 1949



Principal Events :

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 16th

A.J.C. SIRES' PRODUCE STAKES, £5,000 added Seven Furlongs
AUTUMN STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile and a Half
DONCASTER HANDICAP, £6,000 added One Mile
A.J.C. ST. LEGER, £3,000 added One Mile and Three-quarters

SECOND DAY, MONDAY, APRIL 18

SYDNEY CUP, £10,000 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £500, Two Miles

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20th

ALL-AGED STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile
CHAMPAGNE STAKES, £2,500 added Six Furlongs
CUMBERLAND STAKES, £2,000 added . . One Mile and Three-quarters

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 23rd

ADRIAN KNOX STAKES, £2,500 added . . . One Mile and a Quarter
A.J.C. PLATE, £2,000 added Two Miles and a Quarter

T. NICHOLSON,
Racing Secretary.

W. N. PARRY-OKEDEN,
Secretary.

6 BLIGH STREET, SYDNEY

In Memory of the Fallen

The Governor unveiled in the club on March 15 a plaque to those members who had given their lives in World War I and World War II—a tribute from the living to the dead; an expression of gratitude and everlasting affection; a symbol of evergreen remembrance.

THE CHAIRMAN (Mr. S. E. Chatterton), in welcoming the Governor, said: "This Club has reason to feel proud of the number of its members, and the families of members, who served in World War I and World War II, as well as of the active part it took in contributing to war effort by every means possible. To-day we are thinking of the fallen—those who gave their lives that freedom might live, that our way of life might be preserved for us and the generations to follow."

The Governor said: "These gallant men we all honour, who went forward to fight for their country in its time of peril, set an example of service sadly needed to-day in this land as well as in other lands.

"We in Australia have short memories. We are a casual sort of

people, and forget quickly. We are prepared to go about our work remembering little the fact that we are able to go about our work only because such gallant fellows as those whose memories we are honouring here to-day were ready to serve. It was their effort and the effort of thousands of others who saved us.

"This is a thought that should live with us in contemplating the sacrifice of the dead. And it should awaken always a sense of our responsibility to their dependants. How are they faring? We should inquire. We should do something to protect the heritage which those who served have passed on to us."

After the Governor unveiled the plaque a trumpeter played The Last Post and Reveille.

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Egad, Sir!

A MERICAN writer comments: Things have reached a pretty pass in England under the Labour Government when a bounder has the brazen effrontery to approach Major R. Stirling-Stuart of the Old Catterick, Yorkshire, Stirling-Stuarts, mind you, and offer him a cool 10,000 quid (40,000 dollars) to "stop" his steeplechaser, Cool Customer, in a big jumping race at Doncaster. As if Cool Customer's easy victory in the 5,000 dollar stake wasn't answer enough to the unconscionable scoundrel who tried to proposition the honourable gentleman from Yorkshire, Major Stirling-Stuart also gave him what-for in print, with these strong words:

"I was so flabbergasted, I would have liked to give him a taste of my cane!"

Stoutly spoken, major, but not, I hope, before removing the old school tie, egad!

WORKING on a new building an Irishman shouted to his pal at the top: "Hi, Bill, chuck me down half-a-dozen bricks."

Bill did so, and in due course the Irishman came panting up the ladder with his hod full.

"Tell me," said Bill, "why did you want me to chuck those bricks down?"

"Well," said Murphy, "we're short of 'em down there, and I wanted to bring a full load up!"

* * *

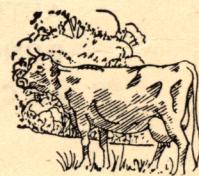
A PILOT officer was detailed to telephone an urgent message to the Air Ministry. He was switched from one person to the next, until finally he lost his temper with the seventh person to whom he had been put through.

"Do you know who I am?" said the man he blew up. "I am Air Marshall—"

Despite the voice of thunder, the pilot officer replied. "And do you know who I am?"

"No," said the Air Marshall.

"Thank heaven for that," said the pilot officer, and hung up.



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GREATEST ERA BILLIARDS HAS EVER KNOWN

PEALL v. ROBERTS FOR £10,000

SOME fifty years ago the world of billiards was divided over the spot-stroke much the same as it is to-day over the nursery cannon. During the last ten years of the nineteenth century billiards had become a monotonous sequence of spot strokes, crowds were dwindling, while controversy raged over the world championship as to whether it should be held by a spot-stroke player or a non spot-stroke player.

Greatest exponent of this form of play and the only living first-rate professional of that era was W. J. Peall.

He was the one man left who could give an insight into the players of those days, especially John Roberts, Peall's greatest rival and reputed to be the finest billiards exponent ever to handle a cue until Walter Lindrum. To invite a man of 84 to visit me appeared to be expecting too much, so I went to Hove, and in a magnificently furnished house with a view of the sea, encountered this giant of the past.

His stories of long ago are unmatched, his ideas upon present day players invaluable, and his comparisons of the two unique. You will, I think, find Mr. Peall's story easily the best of those we have published so far.

The first thing asked of this great little man was:—

How long have you given up playing competitive billiards?

I haven't played any serious competitive stuff for about 25 years, but, of course, I am constantly down at my club.

With what success do you meet against the younger men?

I can usually score at least one century in 500 up and frequently it reaches 170 or 180. Nevertheless I am not a patch upon my former self. Nowadays I can't make a dozen spot-strokes in succession, whereas in 1890 I put the red down from the spot on 612 consecutive occasions.

Was that during your record break?

That's right. The actual break was 3,304.

Tell our readers a few facts about that break, will you, Mr. Peall?

The actual date on which I consider I made the break was November 6, 1890, though it extended over three days. I was playing Charles Dawson at the London Aquarium, Westminster, and began the break on the night session on a Thursday. I continued throughout Friday, while Dawson kept to his seat the whole time, and eventually concluded on Saturday afternoon. I had beaten the previous best record by 888. The late King Edward VII—he was Prince of Wales at the time—saw part of the break, and



Mr. W. J. Peall.

altogether I scored 3,174 of the points from spot stroke play alone.

What exactly was the position with regard to spot-stroke play at that time?

I should say that it put billiards into much the same position as the nursery cannon does to-day. It was the most prolific method of scoring, and I can quite genuinely say that at that time I was easily the finest exponent of it.

Barring John Roberts, junior?

No, not even barring Roberts. Roberts was undoubtedly the finest player of that time; he was even more isolated than is Joe Davis to-

day, but at the spot-stroke I had him beaten.

In this respect I think my height assisted me to a great extent. You see I am only 5 ft. and my lack of inches enabled me to get my shot far quicker than could my larger opponents, especially Roberts, who stood 5 ft. 11 ins.

What exactly was the position between yourself and Roberts?

I presume you mean with regard to the spot-stroke?

Yes.

As I have said before, the spot-stroke in those days was on the same lines as the nursery cannon is to-day. The billiard world was split upon it. Undoubtedly it was doing harm to the game, for no one was going to pay to watch long runs of exactly similar shots. On one occasion I made 634 in succession.

The stroke was originally introduced by John Roberts, senior, though he did not perfect it to the same extent as Cooke, who followed after him, and who was capable of making 700 breaks. After that, of course, we all developed it.

Roberts, junior, realised the damage spot play was doing to billiards, and he changed the trend of the game by introducing the spot-barred condition. At this game he could give any of us a third of the game start and win.

Controversy then raged as to who was world champion. I claimed it quite legitimately under the rules governing the game at that time which permitted the spot-stroke, but Roberts claimed it on the lines that his spot-barred game was the more open game and, you might almost say, had more right to be termed billiards.

What eventually happened?

As you know, legislation eventually destroyed spot-play, but at the time the controversy drew tremendous crowds to all matches between Roberts and myself. The rivalry between us was at fever pitch. Cartoonists were constantly drawing us in opposition with appropriate captions, while on one occasion when we met in a match in which stakes and bets reached a total of £10,000

sounds a tremendous amount nowadays—at the Egyptian Hall, the takings amounted to £3,300 over a fortnight. A record I should imagine. I won that match by 3,600 points. To further deter spot stroke play Roberts introduced a special championship table with 3 in. pockets only.

Can you give us some idea of the personality of Roberts?

He was a magnificent showman, always perfectly dressed and every inch a champion. He was a stickler for etiquette, too. I can remember one occasion when I was playing him in London. He was stopping at the Albany and I lived in Brixton. In those days, even

rassing moment, but I addressed the house, explained how much further I had to travel than Roberts and the predicament I was in, and added that I would not have considered it fair to my backers had I rushed all the way home and back again.

That little speech won the day. I was loudly applauded, and far from finding myself rattled was right on top of my form.

Dress counted a great deal in those days then?

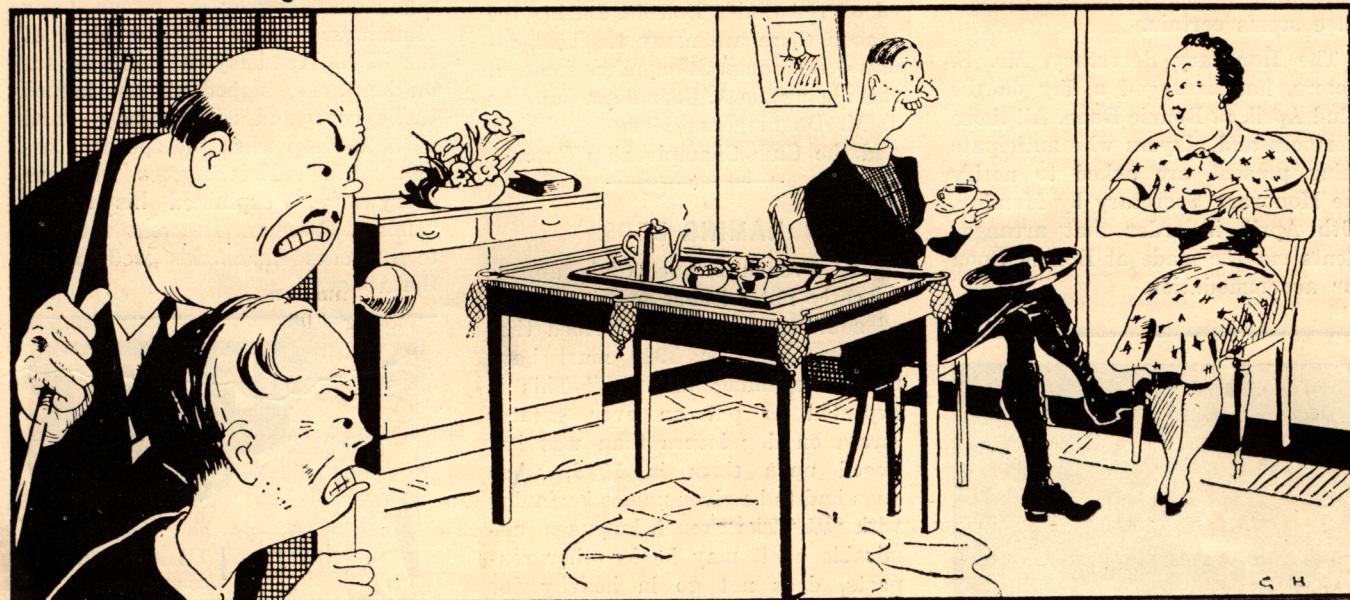
Most decidedly, especially with Roberts, and I do think it should count just as much to-day. It is difficult, I know, to look dressed in shirt sleeves; in fact, I think it

Why was it that you all failed at the close-cannon? Was it too difficult?

No, but we just didn't have need to resort to it. The spot-stroke was more popular.

That brings us to the point of which was the more difficult of the two strokes. Which do you think, Mr. Peall?

It would be difficult to say, because the strokes have so little in common, and I know very well that I should be in a minority were I to plump for the spot. Nevertheless I should not emphatically state that the nursery cannon is the more difficult of the two shots.



To what base uses!

though there were no Tubes, fast cars or any other form of fast vehicle, I could generally manage to get home between the afternoon and evening sessions and change comfortably. Roberts had only a few yards to go.

On this occasion we were rather behind hand on points and the referee, as he was entitled to, kept us playing until 6 p.m. in the afternoon. There was hardly time for me to go home and change, so I remained in town, turning up for the evening session without evening clothes.

The hall was packed and Roberts audibly remarked upon my lack of evening clothes. It was an embar-

would look better if players wore a type of summer sporting garb. Just trousers, a white shirt and belt.

Nevertheless, some of the present day players don't pay enough attention to those details. Nothing looks worse than a slovenly dressed player at the table, and, of course, the dignity of the game depends to a large extent upon the appearance of its masters.

You were speaking just now, Mr. Peall, of the nursery cannon. Was it ever used in your day?

Most certainly, but we never mastered it to the same extent as the present day players have done. To make a run of 30 was a feat which received considerable applause.

Did you ever attempt to master the nursery cannon?

I could play it, but my stature went right against me. I had constantly to resort to the rest and that invariably ruined my position. In spot-stroke play only was my height an advantage. In all other phases I felt that I had to play 25 per cent. better than the other fellow to beat him.

I also say that several of your amateurs to-day could beat all of us earlier day players, excepting perhaps Roberts. Nothing less than amazing can describe the rapid strides they have made.

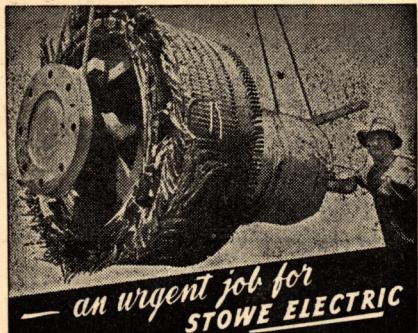
—“The Billiard Player.”

Our Club Golfers

The Official recommencement of Tattersall's Golf Club was held at Long Reef on Tuesday, 15th March last, when a goodly number of players hit off to contest the three trophies that were very kindly donated by Messrs. N. Peters, S. Peters and J. Norris. The winners turned up in Messrs. W. P. Keighery, A. M. Watson and S. Peters.

Many more happy outings are being looked forward to by those who were present. Members who found it inconvenient to be present on this day will be well catered for at the next outing, when a bumper attendance seems certain.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. S. Peters, has arranged a day on the 22nd April, at Bonnie Doon. All those members and players who anticipate being present are asked to notify the Honorary Secretary by Monday, 19th April, in order that arrangements may be made at Bonnie Doon for accommodation.



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As the Club is just starting its season and Members are very enthusiastic, the Honorary Secretary would appreciate an early notification.

Notice of future outings will be given in the magazine and also post-



ed on the Club's Boards. During the season there are many trophies donated for competition play, amongst them being the A. C. Ingham Cup, the J. M. Dunningham Memorial Shield and the Club Championship Cup.

NAMING DOGS

THE French Kennel Club, apparently not without a brief period of soul-searching, has decreed that all dogs born in 1949 must have names beginning with "X." This is expected to put an even greater strain on dog lovers than was imposed upon them in 1948, when dogs had to be given names beginning with "W." The French language, admirable as it may be in other respects, does not go in heavily for W's.

This doctrinaire nomenclature is the idea of the Society for the Improvement of the Canine Breed in France. Every year registered dogs are assigned a letter. Last year's dogs were named with W's, the year before with V's, the year before with U's. Thus, if you hear a dog owner shouting for "Vincent," you know that the animal was born in 1947.

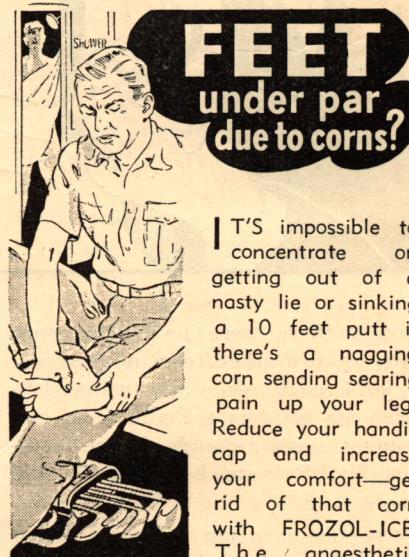
As 1948 came to a close it appeared that the S.I.C.B.F. was brooding over the matter. Tradition demanded that 1949 dogs be X dogs, but convenience might have dictated a compromise of some sort—perhaps a return to A. Convenience lost. X follows W, and X it will be.

An official gave assurances that

it was not necessary to abide too closely by the rule. Thus, a dog lover who wants to name his animal Matilda can conform with the rules by naming it X-Matilda, dropping the initial when calling it to meals or introducing it to friends. This has always been the rule, although most owners deem it better to choose an appropriate name and do without the prefix.

"Come, Xavier," "Come, Xenophobe," "Come, Xanthippe," "Come, Xerxes." It promises to be an extraordinary year along the quais.

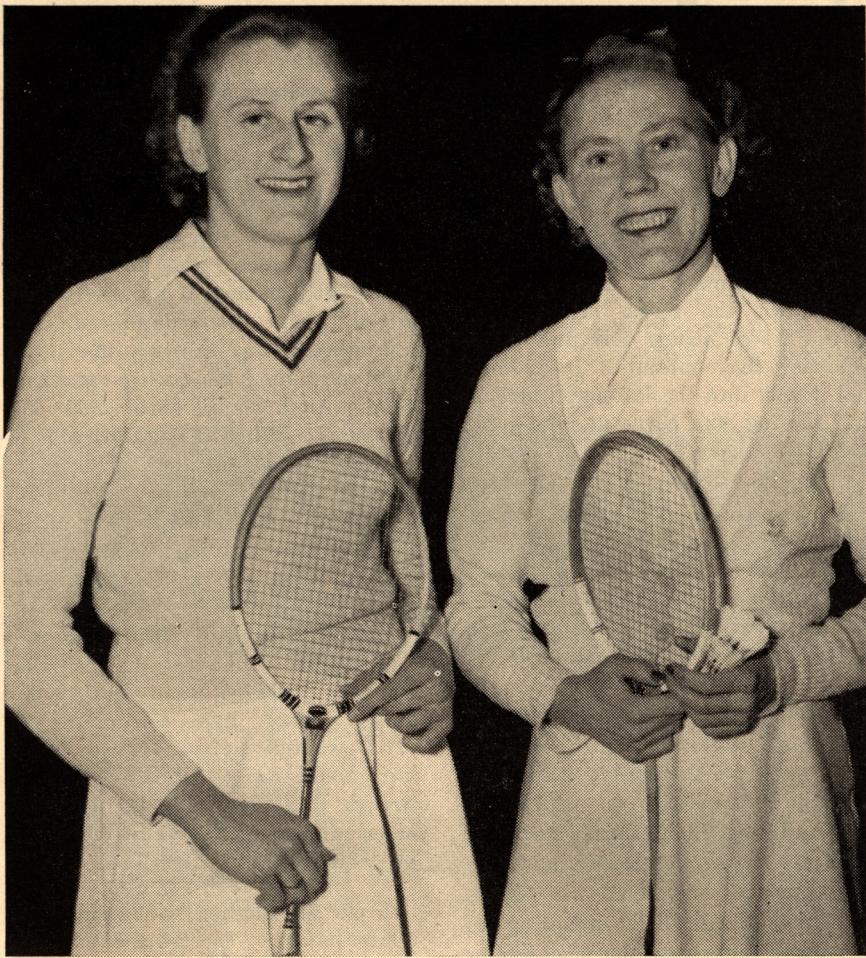
A Pekingese went to the Lord Mayor's banquet in England. He was brought to the reception in a black cloth bag by his owner, Lady Munnings, wife of the president of the Royal Academy. At table he sat on her knee, sipped sherry, lapped turtle soup and champagne—and went to sleep when the speeches began. "Black Knight goes with me everywhere," explained his owner. "He's a Freeman. He went with me to Princess Elizabeth's wedding in the Abbey."



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ALL-ENGLAND BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS, 2.3.49.

Nine countries are taking part in the All-England Badminton championships, which began at Harringay Arena to-day. The picture shows Miss Aase Jacobsen and Mrs. Ahm, joint holders of the Women's Doubles title.

Race Was Fixed

AMERICAN writer, commenting on an unsuccessful effort to "arrange" a big basketball game: Certainly this isn't the first time a fix ever backfired. Same Riddle, owner of Man o' War and War Admiral, tells of a hunt meet at which all the riders agreed to shoo in a long shot. Being gentlemen riders, they were, naturally, mutually suspicious, so they each posted a 200 dollar forfeit to guarantee their dishonesty. Put themselves under bond to steal, you might say.

It is, however, an unhappy fact that not all crooks are trustworthy. Shortly before saddling time one of the boys saw his horse posted on a

bookie's slate at 8 to 1. Being clever at arithmetic he did some hasty figuring and decided to invest 400 dollars on his mount.

When the race started with all the other crooks keeping their steeds under tight restraint, the dishonest thief broke on top and kept stealing away to a longer and longer lead. His accomplices watched him, chuckling appreciatively. "Good old Joe" they told themselves. "Making it look good. He'll come back to us soon."

Good Old Joe was in the home-stretch before the painful truth dawned. Then the field took out after him, but his lead was too great. He was still in front when he disappeared over the horizon.

The "Quarter" Horse

O LYMPIA, a triple-stakes winning thoroughbred, barely beat out the crack quarter-horse, Stella Moore, in a special match race in America. Olympia, Kentucky-bred three-year-old, completed the quarter-mile straight-away dash about a head in front of the four-year-old Texas-bred filly.

The winner, running against the wind, was teletimed in 0:22 3-5 under Willie Garner. On Stella Moore was Milto Trevino, who flew from New Mexico. Both were to carry 110 pounds, but Stella Moore had 113 up, including three pounds overweight for her rider.

The quarter-horse is a special breed developed for use on cattle ranges. These animals are noted for their durability. They usually can start very fast, turn quickly and are speedy for short distances. Many Florida cattlemen use them in handling their herds.

Races between quarter-horses are common at rodeos and county fairs but matches between thoroughbreds and quarter-horses are rare.

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The Floating Log

Why be a victim of your own Sunbeam cycles? Here's a way to turn them to advantage.

A GREAT brown log, gleaming with moisture, floated swiftly down the river before me. I watched it, and though it was, apparently, just an innocent enough hunk of driftwood, I found myself regarding it as a thing of menace. Then memory played me a pretty trick. I remembered with sudden vividness a chill grey morning when I stood on the bank of another river. Opposite to me was a small island covered with small scrub timber and fringed with reeds.

Where the shade beneath the willows was deepest, I saw the white figure of a swan arise and turn his long neck to look down at his mate. She was seated on a nest made on the tip of a little peninsula projecting from the main body of the island. I imagine that cheeping sounds coming from the tiny cygnets hatching out of their shells were reaching him, for he seemed immensely interested.

Then movement on the glistening

water of the river caught my eye somewhat upstream and I saw a large log, a bough of an ash, gliding towards the island. It struck some submerged obstruction and swung so that it continued to travel broadside down the river. The course of the water swung left and right, following the contour of the island, and it was into the left-hand stream that the log was borne at increasing pace.

Suddenly the two swans arose and there followed a great thrashing of wings and a fury of angry hissing and grunting, and I saw that the end of the log had swept their nest from existence. The cob bird, in a paroxysm of rage, pursued the bough.

The pen bird, guided by the wisdom and selflessness of motherhood, stood in the muddy water beside the promontory on which her nest had been built, thrust her long neck into the shallow water, and, one after another, retrieved six chicks with pieces of shells adhering to them and put them on the higher ground behind her.

She then waddled up to where they were, drew the drenched little

creatures under her breast, and settled down to warm them to health and activity.

That was why I regarded this gleaming brown log as a thing of menace.

HAS HIS OPINION

LORD ELIOT, son and heir of Earl St. Germans—who has a racing stable at Upavon, Wiltshire—is annoyed, very annoyed indeed. And all because two railway officials in uniform visited his racing establishment with a shiny motor horse-box inscribed "British Railways" — touting for custom.

In a short, sharp two-minute interview Lord Eliot sent them about their business, saying: "I am a Conservative — not a Socialist. Go away!"

Lord Eliot, still simmering added: "What annoyed me is that British Railways can get round using petrol like this. If you or I wanted petrol for a horse-box, could we get it? Why should British Railways have it? I believe in private enterprise and I'll stick to it—while I'm still alive!"

From an English wine and spirit trade paper: "The general view in the trade is that it will be time enough to think of conserving stocks for the morrow if war actually breaks out."



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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Swimmers Honour Officials

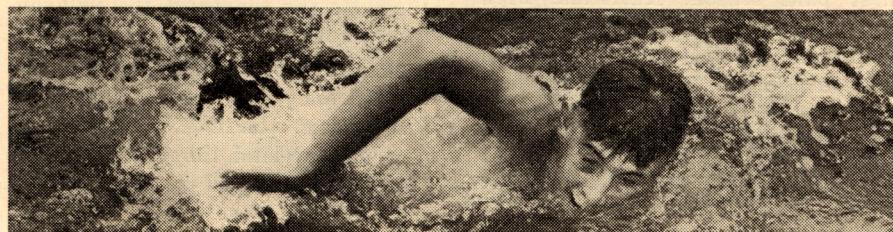
"Good Luck to the Gestapo!"

So read part of Pete Hunter's telegram of apology for non attendance at the Complimentary Dinner given by the Swimming Club to its officials. Handicapper Jack Gunton, Starter Sam Block and Secretary Jack Dexter on March 22.

That wish was typical of the good things said by all speakers when over forty members foregathered at

suggested that a fathers and sons' race should be put on the card.

Mick Murphy capably proposed the toast to Bill Kendall, the Club champion, and paid his tribute to the sportsmanship of our star; to which Bill responded by stating that of all the swimming he had done in all parts of the world he enjoyed the races in Tattersall's Pool best of all.



a particularly enthusiastic and successful function instituted primarily by Messrs. Don Wilson and N. P. Murphy to do honour to the "Gestapo" which rules the destinies of Tattersall's Club Swimming Club.

It was very pleasing to see the roll-up of members, particularly the younger men who have joined up this season and this was stressed in the speeches of Chairman Don Wilson, Norman Barrell and George Chiene in proposing the healths of the honoured guests.

In extolling the work of Messrs. Gunton, Block and Dexter the speakers referred to the splendid work the Swimming Club had done, of the enthusiasm of the members in their races and of the wisdom of Tattersall's Club Committee in admitting the sterling types of young men who were swimming with the Club for their first season.

George Chiene stressed the wonderful sporting spirit that existed in the Athletic Department where he never heard a winge or moan about decisions or results and this, he stated, was due in great part to the confidence the swimmers had in their officials. George had the happy task of presenting each of the guests with a pen and pencil set to mark the Club's appreciation of their efforts.

Norman Barrell spoke of the pleasure it was to see sons competing against their fathers and he

He wasn't so sure, however, that the officials gave him a good go for even if Jack Gunton gave him a good handicap, Sam Block counted slowly or Jack Dexter gave the result a dead heat to boom the handicapper's work. Still they were not bad chaps.

The toast to the Chairman was in the hands of George McGilvray, who showed real histrionic ability and the Chairman gave the health of Eddie Davis who had won the Club Handball championship that day.

Topical songs greeted all speakers and with a couple of first class entertainers aided by songs by those class singers, Sam Peters and Jack Shaffran, the dinner was a first rate affair and showed the fine spirit existing in the Swimming Club.

The latter is wise in swimming lore, and was once Hon. Sec. of The Spit Club and he is youngest member of the A.S.A. Executive. He paddles along well and has won four heats in four starts.

The February-March Point Score was a very close go. Neil Barrell just getting his nose in front by a half point from M. Sellen. The form of both these young men has been most consistent.

In the Annual Point Score Bruce Chiene holds his lead but Col Chatterton is coming up apace and is now in second place with Peter Lindsay just ahead of Dave Hunter.

Best times of the month were 18-2/5 and 18-3/5 by Bill Kendall, 19-1/5 and 19-2/5 by Carl Phillips, 20-2/5 by R. Opie, 21-2/5 by M. Sellen and Jack Miller.

Results:—

February 22, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap—1st Division: D. B. Hunter and B. Chiene (48), 1; W. M. Williams and J. Buckle (47), 2; M. Sellen and W. Kendall (41), 3. Time, 46-4/5 secs. Second Division: N. P. Murphy and C. B. Phillips (46), 1; M. Fuller and Neil Barrell (43), 2; G. Boulton and W. G. Dovey (44), 3. Time, 45-3/5 secs.

March 1, 40 yards Handicap—1st Division: S. Murray (24), and W. Kendall (19), 1; D. Wilson (26), 3. Times 23-3/5 and 18-3/5 secs. 2nd Division: Norman Barrell (27), 1; R. J. Moran (23), and M. Sellen (22), 2. Time 25-4/5 secs.

March 8, 80 yards Brace Relay Handicap—K. Hunter and Neil Barrell (46) and R. J. Moran and S. Lorking (46), 1; C. Chatterton and P. Lindsay (48), 3. Time, 45-2/5 secs.

March 15, 40 yards Handicap—1st Division: C. B. Phillips (20), 1; R. J. Moran (23), 2; K. Hunter (24), 3. Time, 19-2/5 secs. 2nd Division: R. Opie (21), 1; C. Chatterton (24), 2; Neil Barrell (22), 3. Time, 20-2/5 secs. 3rd Division: G. Goldie (35), 1; S. Lorking (23), 2. Time, 34 secs.

February-March Point Score

Final Results: Neil Barrell, 23½ points, 1; M. Sellen, 23, 2; D. B. Hunter, 20½, 3; S. Murray and W. M. Williams, 19½, 4; B. Chiene, 19, 6; C. Hoole, 18½, 7; C. Chatterton, 16, 8; M. Fuller, 15, 9; G. Christmas, G. McGilvray and W. G. Dovey, 14½, 10; R. J. Moran, J. Shaffran and P. Lindsay, 14, 13.

1948-1949 Point Score

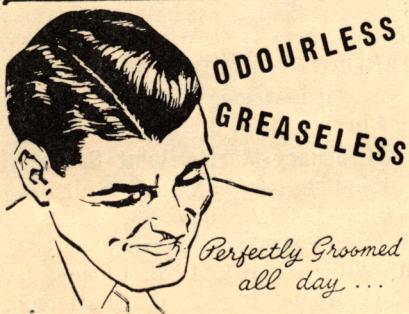
To 22nd March leading point scorers were: B. Chiene, 76½; C. Chatterton, 68½; P. Lindsay, 68½; D. B. Hunter, 68; C. Hoole, 64; J. Shaffran, 63; A. McCamley, 62; S. Murray, 61; Neil Barrell, 60; H. E. Davis, 59; A. K. Webber, 56; G. Christmas, 54½; G. Goldie, 53½; M. Fuller, 53; C. B. Phillips, 51; W. Kendall, 51; M. Sellen, 50; G. Boulton, 49½; N. P. Murphy, 47½; S. Lorking, 46½; J. O. Dexter, 43½; W. K. Sherman, 37; J. W. Miller, 37; B. Hodgson, 35; K. Hunter, 35; S. B. Solomon, 34.

ROUNDABOUT OF SPORT

NEW TENNIS MENACE

ROAD to quick riches runs through Wimbledon and the next traveler along it looks like being the Menace from Mexico, Ricardo Gonzales, who was the "turn-up" of last year's big lawn tennis, writes Bill McGowran in London "Evening News."

Ricardo—his pals call him Pancho, by the way—is a khaki-faced strippling with an ivory smile and blue-black hair who rocketed into the headlines when he won the 1948 U.S. lawn tennis singles championship without appearing at Wimbledon or playing in the American Davis Cup team. A private cable from America tells me that he will definitely come to Wimbledon this summer. His plans are absurdly simple—he proposes to win this year's Wimbledon title, just like that, and then challenge Frank Kramer in 1950 for the world's professional championship.



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Gonzales estimates that the Wimbledon title, if he wins it, will be worth at least 40,000 dollars (about £10,000) to him. I regard this as a modest estimate. Kramer, in his first year as a pro., made 130,000 dollars, rather more than £30,000. In his first two years as a pro. Tilden earned something like £20,000 and Vines made nearly as much in his first paid season. Hurricane Fred Perry, always in a hurry, made money more quickly than either and collected about £18,000 in his first six months of professional tennis.

Although he is popularly rated as America's No. 1 player, it is no certainty that Gonzales will lift the Wimbledon singles title this year. Friends are hoping to persuade Ted Schroeder to make the trip, too—and the best judges seem to think that Schroeder is the world's top amateur at the moment. Schroeder doesn't appear in all the unofficial American ranking lists, owing to his insistence on placing his business before his tennis. Ted, it seems, is that very rare bird in big international tennis—a real amateur. His supporters swear that Schroeder has the beating of Gonzales any day of the week, so if he and the Mexican Menace both make the trip to England this summer we should be all set for a very lively Wimbledon final.

Kramer and Segura are coming to England in April for an exhibition tour. Bob Falkenburg, present Wimbledon champion, is seriously thinking of easing up on his tennis to take up a business career. Bob apparently, is not so strong as he looks and the grind of continuous tournament play is beginning to get him down. So it looks as if Falkenburg is one Wimbledon champion who won't be cashing his title in the professional market.

OLYMPIC CHAMP

IN non-Olympic years the American decathlon champion gets no more acclaim than the hop-step-jump titleholder. In presidential years the American who can win the Olympic decathlon title is sure-pop

to wind up with the James E. Sullivan Memorial Trophy as the nation's outstanding amateur athlete.

Following this precedent, Robert Bruce Mathias, the Californian schoolboy who was seventeen going on eighteen when he won the ten-event title in London's Wembley Stadium last August, was announced recently by the Amateur Athletic Union as the winner of the Sullivan award for 1948.

The six-foot-two 190-pound teenage Adonis polled 1,491 points on a 5-3-1 basis. Harrison (Bones) Dillard, of Cleveland, the record-holding hurdler who failed to qualify for the Olympic team in his specialty, then won the Olympic 100 metres and ran on the winning 400-metre relay, was runner-up to Mathias with 1,087 points. Joseph Verdeur, of Philadelphia, invincible breast-stroke swimmer, holder of world records and the Olympic crown, was third with 749.

(Continued next Column)

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

Mathias was the youngest ever to win an Olympic track and field title for men. On the second day of his Olympic competition, owing to rain and British mis-management, he had to contend with dreadful conditions.

He was on the field for twelve hours; he had to wait seven hours between his seventh and eighth events; he finished his last three

WOODERSON'S STOP-WATCH MIND

THE most popular distance is "the mile." It may lack the breathless dash of the 100 yards, the mounting tension of the 220 yards, quarter or half-mile, but it has a gripping, sustained drama all of its own.

The four-minute mile is the crock of gold at the end of the runner's

eyes on Sydney Wooderson. He is a serious little fellow, with spectacles, and a shy diffident manner. Even in track clothes, he is far from impressive to look at. To be sure, his legs are sinewy and strong, but that is often the way with little men.

In fact, the real Sydney Wooderson does not appear at all until he starts running. Then you see what makes him a great runner. His stride is magnificent, and would do credit to a man fully six inches taller. He has a natural sense of rhythm, too, which makes running seem effortless. But the main qualification for his sensational string of victories is something you never see. Sydney Wooderson has a stop-watch mind. He is as near perfect as a runner could be. Others may fail through lack of judgment in the last 100 yards; he does not. Every race is planned beforehand and run according to that plan. As his raking stride eats up the distance, his mathematical mind is ticking smoothly over, regulating the pace that wins.

Running calls for another quality—heart. Not just a strong physical organ, but heart in an entirely different sense of the word. "Heart" to the track enthusiasts denotes that special kind of courage and endurance which defies lungs near to bursting point and strain that blurs the approaching tape to the sight, will-power which drives tortured sinews to make that final spurt.

This quality Wooderson has in abundance. Crossing the finishing line he has many times collapsed, driven to the limit of human endurance, oblivious to the cheering crowd. That is my picture of Wooderson in action.

* * *

TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS, 18.2.49.
Conqueror of new world champion Johnny Leach at Paddington Baths yesterday was Alojsky Ehrlich, of Poland (right) here seen to-day with Michael Lanskoy, of France, who also beat another champion, Bergmann.
Picture at Paddington to-day.

events—the pole vault, javelin throw and 1,500-metre run—in darkness broken only by the dim lights in the stands and the Olympic flame.

* * *

ALASTAIR McCORQUODALE, Scottish sprinter and AAA furlong champion, has been awarded the C. N. Jackson Memorial Cup as the outstanding British athlete of the year 1948.

The Harvey Memorial Cup, awarded for the best performance in the AAA championships, will be held jointly by H. J. Parlett (Dorking), 880 yards winner, and M. Curotta (Australia), 440 yards winner. McCorquodale, the "discovery" of the season, ran brilliantly to take fourth place in the Olympic 100 metres won by Harrison Dillard.

rainbow. Runners have got breath-takingly close to it, but those few fatal seconds on the stop-watch have so far managed to cheat them. In America, the land of specialisation, every effort has been made to realise this athletic dream. In Norway and Sweden, athletes have got within a hair's-breadth of the record; the Finns have not done it, either.

England has a man who came very near to it. His name is Sydney Wooderson, and that name on an athletic programme is almost a gilt-edged guarantee of "standing room only."

What is your conception of a great runner? Probably the same as mine was—until I had seen Wooderson. I had imagined runners as tall, long-legged chaps, with chests on them like sugar-boxes. So you can imagine my surprise when I first set

SOUVENIR hunters are believed to have taken the M.C.C. cricket touring team's flag, reported missing from the pavilion of the Ramblers' Club. It was last seen flying from the masthead at the close of play on Saturday. There was a dance at the clubhouse that night.

Mother knows best. And so does father—after she tells him.

Only a poor man has distant relatives.

* * *

A good neighbour is one whose children have grown up.

America Plans To Try Soccer

American football officials, impressed at the speed and punch of our national game, have returned from their London Olympic trip determined on a nation-wide drive to popularise Soccer.

American football is a cross between Rugby and all-in wrestling. Small wonder the American visitors were thrilled by our professional games.

They are starting the right way—with the youngsters. A committee has been formed in New York to maintain a full library of Soccer text books. These books will be available to all schools, clubs, and associations.

Americans, pleased with the Liverpool tourists last year, may ask for representative matches sooner than people expect.

A GOOD deal of publicity has been given to the suggestion (at present it is still only a suggestion) that there should be a two-yearly athletics match between U.S.A. and Europe. The idea is that the match should be held in the year following the Olympics, with a return in the year preceding the next Olympics. Since, in the year between each of these proposed new inter-continental matches, there would be the European Championships, the proposal would mean in effect, that Europe's best athletes would be engaged in a highly important meeting every season.

As far as Great Britain is concerned, the claims of the British

Empire Games would complicate matters still further. Naturally, countries outside the British Commonwealth cannot fully appreciate the intense determination we all have to see the Empire Games not merely revived, but occupying a place of importance in the athletics calendar.

* * *

IS nine too many in the final of an 800 m. race? I feel it is; and certainly those who draw the outside positions have an inevitable task compared with the lucky ones who draw the smaller numbers. Several serious students of athletics are asking if the time has not arrived when the 800 m. race should be run in lanes like the 400 m. Others are suggesting that finalists should be limited to six, and that the first 400 m. of the race should be run in lanes. I should like to see the latter idea tried out by several nations during the 1949 season, with reports given to the I.A.A.F. on the advantages or disadvantages accruing.

Admittedly running races in lanes does away with a good deal of the value of tactics, and I for one would deprecate the loss of tactics as a

factor in track running. We certainly do not want to see athletics deteriorate into a contest between the runner and the stop-watch.

* * *

WHEN at Harrow, McCorquodale —fastest white sprinter at the Olympic Games — was considered the finest fast bowler there for a decade. Six months' coaching put him into the world's sprint finals, and experts think he could be coached to be a formidable county bowler just as easily. McCorquodale is 22. He and his wife, Rosemary, live in a little house at Bray, near Maidenhead. They have a month-old daughter, Sarah, whom they call Sally.

Left to himself, the new sprint champion would simply play what games he liked and develop his flair as an all-round sportsman, but I suspect that British athletic officials will try to persuade him to concentrate on running for the next three years. On the other hand he might be turned within a year into the fast bowler English cricket so desperately seeks.

◆◆◆

TWO men who lived next door to each other, but were not on very good terms, were exchanging uncomplimentary remarks across the garden fence. At last one of them said: "Now, look here, old man, if you don't stop annoying me, I'll buy my wife a new hat, and then you'll have to buy yours one, too."

* * *

A dog's best friend is probably another dog.

* * *

There is nobody more eloquent than a woman who suffers in silence.



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THE Italian horse Tenerani, which so conclusively beat Arbar in the Goodwood Cup, will now retire to stud. He will probably make another fortune for his owner Signor Frederico Tesio, who though more than 80, is still one of the world's greatest authorities on bloodstock. He looks more like an English squire than an Italian.

Signor Tesio and his swarthy jockey, Enrico Camici, were surrounded by excited countrymen after the cup triumph, and Norman Bertie's share in the triumph would have been greeted by affectionate salutes had he not escaped. Mr. Bertie was responsible for the later stages of Tenerani's preparation at Newmarket — a preparation that produced prizes here worth £9,381 and large sums in bets.

* * *

The Duke of Edinburgh will have to find a new pitch for his cricket practice in the grounds of Windlesham Moor. The strip of lawn on which he had a net erected is right under the window at the rear of the house near which the infant Prince sleeps. Whenever weather and official duties permitted last summer the Duke was out in his flannels bowling at willing volunteers from the household staff in the net.

Where the Duke will practise his medium-pace bowling is not yet decided, but it will certainly be out of earshot of the Royal nursery. The Duke has promised to play for the local Windlesham Cricket Club.

* * *

A FARMER had a horse for sale. He wanted £80, but was offered only £50. He refused to sell.

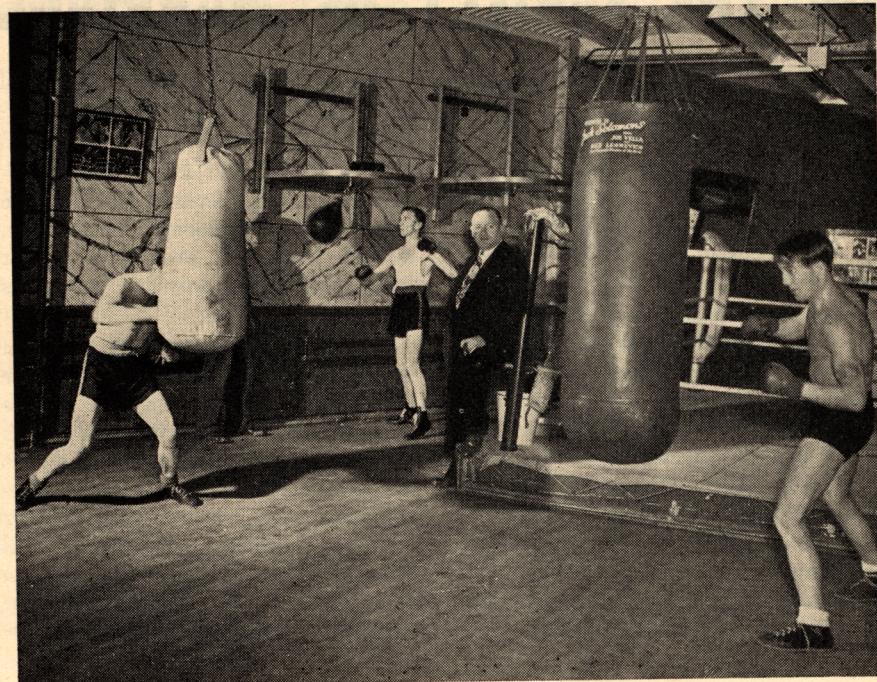
That night the horse died, so he telegraphed the prospective buyer: "Am willing to accept your £50."

Next morning a cheque for £50 came by post, so he sent the horse by rail in the usual way.

Some days later he met the buyer. The latter was very affable, so at last plucking up courage, the farmer said:

"What about the horse I sold you?"

"Well," said the buyer, "unfortunately it was dead when it arrived, but I put it up to raffle. I got five men to take tickets at £20 each and gave the winner his money back."



In the news of late. Picture shows English boxing promoter Jack Solomon's gymnasium, where Australian Dave Sands trained for his fight against Tommy Yarosz, of America. Sands lost on points in a 10 rounds bout.

UNDER title of "THE DON," London "Evening Standard" wrote: In the Fifth Test Match Don Bradman made his farewell appearance against England. We all salute a great sportsman. Bradman, one of the greatest cricketers either country has ever produced, is an ornament to the game and an example for all who play it.

* * *

A PRIM old Quaker lady was driving her shiny new car in Philadelphia. Suddenly, at a cross street, a heavy truck was unable to stop until it had collided, crumpling a fender, breaking a window and gouging a hole in the side of her car.

Infuriated, the lady managed to control herself only by remembering her Quaker upbringing.

She got out and walked over to the truck driver.

"When thee gets home to thy kennel tonight," she said, "I hope thy mother bites thee."

* * *

A dog is wiser than a woman as it does not bark at its master.

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ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE

DOROTHY DIX was asked this question in an American newspaper: I am engaged to marry a widower with whom I am very much in love and whose wife died two years ago. My only unhappiness is caused by his unending talk about his former wife.

Whenever we begin discussing our future life together, he always drags in his deceased wife and this embarrasses me greatly. It is particularly distasteful to me when he eulogises her before my friends. Even when my fiance pays me a compliment, he will ruin it all by saying how much I am like his dear departed Maria.

Please tell me how to stop this without hurting his feelings.

Answer: The most curious thing about husbands is that while their wives are alive they generally take the ladies for granted and make no ballyhoo about them, but let Friend Wife die and her husband immediately canonises her and holds her up

as a paragon of all the virtues and a model for all other women to follow.

Whether this is a case of blessings brightening as they fade, or the pricking of a widower's conscience, nobody knows. It is just a matter of fact that the only perfect wives are dead ones.

Now it is a matter of common knowledge that widowers are the marryingest class of men that there is, and when the average man loves his wife he isn't happy until he gets another one. This is okay, for, as the Bible tells us, it is not good for man to be alone. Also, as is well known, widowers are God's gift to single women, for they are housebroken and make the best of husbands.

All would be well except that so many widowers wreck their second marriages by continually holding up their Number One wives for the Number Two's guidance. According to them, the deceased Mary Jane was

a miracle worker who could run a house without spending money, who was a marvellous cook, who never needed to buy new clothes, and who spent her whole life catering to her lord and master.

The only woman who ever stopped her husband from flaunting his first wife in her face was one who was found bitterly weeping one day. When her husband asked her why the tears, she replied: "I am lamenting your first wife's death. Nobody regrets it as much as I do."

BIGGEST tennis thrill of 1948, shared with 20,000 Centre Court fans, came in the Wimbledon finals—in those last dramatic minutes of the Men's Singles final when John Bromwich, fair-haired, ambidextrous Australian, led lanky Bob Falkenburg 5-2 in the fifth set and held three match points when serving at 5-3. Then temperamental Falkenburg roused himself to his full height and fury to look defeat straight in the face. He darted to the net to save one match point, saw Bromwich lose the second by netting just under the cord—with all the court, plus tennis immortality open to him—and saved the third with a glorious passing shot right down the line. The crowd relapsed into a strange hush. They sensed that Bromwich, who earlier on had asked a ball-boy to hand him "the winning ball," had lost the chance of a lifetime.

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APART from providing most of last year's big golf "incidents"—club throwing acts and "I can't see the ball," which led to a temporary retirement from the game—Norman Von Nida, the Australian, also gave Englishmen their biggest thrill. Chasing the leaders in the final-round struggle for the Master's title at Sunningdale, this dynamic personality had to make up six shots on the top man and his partner, Flory Van Donek, the Belgian. After 11 holes Von Nida, with an amazing outward half of 30, had drawn level—a staggering blow to Van Donek and the cream of British golfers also in the hunt. Hole by hole Von Nida played faultlessly and he eventually triumphed with a round of 63—the best of 1948.

Big Money For Big Game

A CENSUS and valuation of the boarders at the London Zoo and Whipsnade is taken at the end of every year and the gross value was £130,000 in 1948. The full value of some animals is impossible to assess.

The okapi, which is not unlike a giraffe, is possibly the only one of its species in captivity; the panda, Kodiak bear and gorilla are other solitaires whose worth is difficult to estimate. The Indian rhino tops the list at £5,000. It is one of a vanishing race, as also is the tapir and a pair of these animals are valued at £1,500.

Insured at Lloyd's for £4,000 during transport from Kenya, now that the pair of fully-grown hippos have settled down at Regent's Park their value has gone up to £5,000. Three young Indian riding elephants are each worth £2,000; camels £1,000 and llamas £75. All these are attractive to children and are money-spinners.

The five young giraffes are valued at £1,500 each, but George, a magnificent animal 18 feet high, is valued at a much lower figure, as his neck is too long to pass under any bridge in the country. That would be awkward if he had to change his residence.

Breeding has caused a drastic reduction in the worth of a lion, formerly valued at £100. It may now be bought for £50. It would be impossible to set a value on the four young chimps now being trained in Mayfair table manners for the chimps' tea-party. This will be the star attraction at the Zoo in 1949 and no doubt will add thousands of pounds to the gate money. Nominal value of a chimp is £100. There are half a dozen other chimps and the collection of monkeys now at the Zoo has never been as complete or as valuable.

King penguins are worth £200 a pair, and rockhoppers and black foot penguins £75 a pair. Some fish, which may be bought for a few pence, cost pounds before they are on exhibition in the Zoo aquarium. Every consignment of fish from Madeira costs £75. They travel on a

Cape liner in specially built tanks in which the water is aerated and kept in constant circulation. The Australian fish tops the list of fishes at £100.

Reptiles are priced by their length and comparative rarity. Hence boas, pythons and anacondas move in the market at so much per foot, about £5 for the first ten feet. But snakes up to about 20 feet are worth up to £10 to £15 per foot. The price depends on the buyer's purse and the seller's nerve.

The curator might almost imagine himself in a draper's shop selling yards of snakes or weighing butter in a store as the giant tortoises are put on a scale and their worth calculated by weight. George, the centenarian alligator, puts on flesh and his value rises annually.

However unwelcome the truth may be to scientific minds, the money value of an animal on exhibition depends upon its popularity and drawing power.

WITH 60,000 people on their toes roaring with excitement, the hare flashed past the starting box at White City (England). In the split second that followed came my greatest thrill of the year, for Priceless Border, the favourite for the race—the Greyhound Derby—came out of the box with such terrific pace that he almost pitched on his nose. He regained his stride so quickly that he hardly lost an inch of ground. Priceless Border went over the winning line those two lengths in front to register 28.78 secs. over the 525 yards—the fastest time ever in a Derby final. That was Priceless Border's ninth win in nine races this year and was his last. He is the fastest greyhound England has ever seen.

Sinatra was born in the U.S. in 1917, the son of an Italian migrant and his wife. The father did some professional prize-fighting, became a boilermaker, then a shipyard worker, and is now a captain in the Hoboken Fire Department.

WILLOWS FOR BATS

MANY of the willows of Suffolk have been attacked by the "water mark" disease, which is often fatal to the trees. It makes the willow useless commercially and sometimes brown stains on the face of a cricket bat are a sign of it. A full-scale survey is to be made of the disease, for England cannot afford to lose willows which are a natural asset as well as the means to a national game. They are getting scarcer. In Somerset, where some of the finest willows are to be found, the acreage of growing trees has been cut to a quarter — now only about 2,000 acres.

One reason for the shortage of willow is the recent emphasis on well dredged and well drained streams. This means removal of the trees from the banks and in some places there are by-laws spacing the trees from any water. Since the best bats come from rapidly grown trees near the water's edge this seriously affects cricket. On average one tree provides 40 bats—and most of those go for export.

ENGLISH Soccer crowds contain some flinty-hearted types. In bitter cold there was an amateur match in which a player was laid out, "good and proper." As he writhed on the ground, unnoticed by the referee, a genial onlooker with a raucous voice yelled, "Don't lie down there, you dope! You'll get pneumonia!"

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AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

1949

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

APRIL.

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	2
(At Rosehill)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	9
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	16
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	18
Australian Jockey Club	Wed.	20
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	23
City Tattersall's Club	Sat.	30
(At Randwick)		

MAY.

Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	7
(At Canterbury Park)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	14
(At Randwick)		
Tattersall's Club	Sat.	21
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	28
(At Canterbury Park)		

JUNE.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	4
(At Randwick)		
Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	11
Australian Jockey Club	Mon.	13
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	18
(At Moorefield)		
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Sat.	25
(At Randwick)		

JULY.

Australian Jockey Club	Sat.	2
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	9
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	16
(At Canterbury Park)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	23
(At Rosehill)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	30
(At Rosehill)		

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	Mon.	1
(At Randwick)		
Sydney Turf Club	Sat.	6
(At Canterbury Park)		

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 13
(At Canterbury Park)

Hawkesbury Racing Club Sat. 20
(At Rosehill)

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 27

SEPTEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 3
(At Canterbury Park)

Tattersall's Club Sat. 10
(At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 17
(At Rosehill)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 24
(At Rosehill)

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 1

Australian Jockey Club Mon. 3

Australian Jockey Club Wed. 5

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 8

City Tattersall's Club Sat. 15
(At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 22
(At Rosehill)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 29
(At Moorefield)

NOVEMBER.

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 5
(At Canterbury Park)

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 12
(At Randwick)

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 19
(At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 26
(At Canterbury Park)

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Sat. 3
(At Randwick)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 10
(At Rosehill)

Sydney Turf Club Sat. 17
(At Rosehill)

Australian Jockey Club Sat. 24

Australian Jockey Club Mon. 26

Australian Jockey Club Tues. 27

Tattersall's Club Sat. 31
(At Randwick)

ANGER DOESN'T PAY

MARCUS AURELIUS, the philosopher and Emperor, was angry and savage enough with the early Christians, but, strangely enough, he had a very Christian outlook on this matter. In his famous Meditations, he observes: "Let the truth be present to thee in the excitement of anger—that to be moved by passion is not manly, but that mildness and gentleness, as they are more human, so also are they more manly. Reckon the days in which you have not been angry," said Epictetus, in a fine passage. "Say to yourself: 'I used to be angry every day; then every other day; then every third and fourth day'; and if you miss it so long as 30 days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God."

There is little need to repeat the famous words from Ephesians—"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," for they must ever be present in our minds when we have been furious. We would none of us sit nursing our wrath like Tam o' Shanter's miserable wife.

There are, I think, few things finer than these words of Francis Quarles. Here, indeed, is the very essence of the Christian approach to the problem: "Anger may repast thee for an hour, but not repose for a night; the continuance of anger is hatred, the continuance of hatred turns malice. That anger is not warrantable which hath seen two suns."

Perhaps, if we were rich in years and all of us lived to be Methuselahs, we might indulge in the luxury of anger; for it is nothing but a luxury. "When thou art above measure angry," says Marcus Aurelius, "bethink thee how momentary is man's life."

Couples get married nowadays before they know each other and get divorced as soon as they do.
* * *

I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look.—H. Vincent, Philadelphia, (U.S.).
* * *

The trouble with lipstick is that it doesn't.
* * *

Procrastinator: In the U.S., Lloyd Snider was released from custody when he promised to marry the mother of his nine children.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

MAY RACE MEETING (RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

Saturday, 21st May, 1949

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PROGRAMME

NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, a Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden horse; an Improver's Race, Progressive Race, Moderate Race or an Intermediate Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner at time of starting of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

One Mile and a Quarter.

TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings at time of starting) A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Seven Furlongs.

JUVENILE STAKES

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies at time of starting) A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st.

Six Furlongs.

CONDITIONS

ENTRIES CLOSE before 3 p.m. on Monday, 9th May, 1949.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 16th May, 1949.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 19th May, 1949, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised. The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

M. D. J. DAWSON,
Secretary.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

ENTRIES CLOSE BEFORE 3 p.m. ON MONDAY, 9th MAY, 1949